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TYPES OF CHRISTIAN SAINTLINESS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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TYPES OF CHRISTIAN SAINTLINESS

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PREFACE

THESE three Addresses were delivered to the London Diocesan Girls' Association. They are a slight attempt to bring out some of the chief characteristics of Catholic, Protestant, and Liberal Christianity—the three main types which coexist in the Church of England, and to some extent in nearly all Christian bodies. The shortcomings into which each type seems most liable to fall have been mentioned; but the intention has been to take each at its best, as it is exhibited in persons whom the majority of Christians delight to honour. The differences between them correspond to real differences of character and temperament, and have but little connection with denominational classifications. The divisions of Christendom are wide and deep; but they do not coincide with the membership of different churches or sects. Nor are they so fundamental as to destroy the sympathy which

should exist among all "who love the Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness." There is a strong family likeness among real saints, whatever their denomination; it is in the caricatures of Christian piety that we look in vain for any traces of a common origin.

W. R. INGE.

St. Paul's, *April* 1915.

TYPES OF CHRISTIAN SAINTLINESS

I

"THE best fruits of religious experience," says William James, "are the best things that history has to show. They have always been esteemed so; and to call to mind a succession of such examples as I have lately had to wander through, though it has been only in the reading of them, is to feel encouraged and uplifted and washed in better moral air." Another layman, and a freethinker, Sainte-Beuve, says, "Even from the purely human point of view, the phenomenon of grace must still appear sufficiently extraordinary, eminent, and rare, both in its nature and in its effects, to deserve a close study. For the soul arrives thereby at a certain fixed and invincible state, which is genuinely heroic, and from out of which the greatest deeds which it ever performs are executed. Through all the different forms of communion, and all the diversity of the means which help to produce this state, it is easy to recognise that it is

fundamentally *one* state in spirit and in fruits. Penetrate a little beneath the diversity of circumstances, and it becomes evident that there is veritably a single, fundamental and identical spirit of piety and charity, common to those who have received grace, an inner state which before all things is full of love and humility, of infinite confidence in God, and of severity for one's self, accompanied by tenderness to others. The fruits peculiar to this condition of the soul have the same savour in all, in St. Teresa of Avila just as in any Moravian brother of Herrnhut."

It is one of the characteristics of our time, that even those who have no definite Christian faith themselves are able to a large extent to sympathise with and admire the Christian saint. The best life of St. Bernard was written by Cotter Morison, who in the *Service of Man* made a bitter attack upon nearly all that we mean by Christianity. The best life of St. Francis of Assisi is by Sabatier, who if he were in this country would probably be a Unitarian. One of the best lives of St. Teresa is by Mrs. Cunningham Graham, who does not write as a believer. It is something to be thankful for, that the beauty of holiness should be recognised even by those who stand outside the Christian pale, and ungrudgingly admitted.

What is Saintliness? James enumerates its

ingredients as Belief in God; a sense of communion with Him, and willing self-surrender to His control; freedom and elation, as the outlines of the confining selfhood break down; and a shifting of the emotional centre towards loving and harmonious affections. This is, I think, a satisfactory analysis. It would also be interesting to compare rules of conduct drawn up at different times for those who would live a perfect life, from the simple portrait of a gentleman in the Fifteenth Psalm to the full and very admirable rules drawn up, not under religious sanction, for a French ethical society, quoted in a note to James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 272.

The characteristics of a saint, as we understand them, are purely moral; but the saint differs from the virtuous man in possessing a strain of heroism, of enthusiasm, and of spontaneity, in his moral conduct. We exclude from our consideration, without any hesitation, various types of pseudo-saintliness, which have sometimes been honoured. We do not regard Simeon Stylites as a saint, though he has been canonised. To live on a pillar, and go through meaningless genuflexions and contortions for hours together, has nothing meritorious about it. His reputation, like the Indian fakir's, is only a sign that his neighbours are barbarians. Nor do we see anything saintly in such paltry lives as those

of Louis of Gonzaga, or the nun Gertrude. Modern medical psychology has no difficulty in explaining the pathological conditions which produce such characters. In fact, we may say broadly, that in the cloister a false ideal of saintliness sprang up, in which qualities were admired which have nothing to do with Christianity or with the Christian ideal of moral perfection. At the bottom of the monastic system is the theory that it is possible and desirable to train professional saints, who shall be saints and nothing else. This kind of specialisation has its good side, and I think it has been too much disparaged and neglected in Protestant countries since the Reformation ; but it has in an aggravated form all the weaknesses of specialism. In an aggravated form, because, since religion is meant to cover the whole of life, will, feeling, and intellect, and to find its nutriment, and scope for its activities, in all that we think, feel, and do in the world, any impoverishment of life means an impoverishment of religion. Even renunciations made from the highest motives are *real* losses, which may be compensated by the grace of God, but which cannot, strictly, be replaced. The monk or hermit, for whom "prayer [is] all his business, all his pleasure praise," must, in a sense, enter into life halt and maimed. For the ordinary human life has a value in God's sight, and it is a dangerous

experiment to withdraw from it. This was not generally recognised in the early Middle Ages. For reasons which can be only partly accounted for by the wretched state of society, men came to think that safety and happiness were best secured by flight from the world, and by trying, as far as possible, to live the life of a disembodied spirit while still in the flesh. We must regard this tendency as the chief aberration which Christianity has undergone since its foundation. And though the cloistered saints show many of the best features of the Christian character, and show some of them in a singularly pure and beautiful form, we must class them as one-sided and imperfect types. Some of them—not the best—really led what seem to us *useless* lives. They were good, no doubt, but good for *what?*

> "Ci gît Louis, ce pauvre roi;
> On dit qu'il fut bon; mais à quoi?"

Nor can we admit that mere heroism constitutes saintliness. One may dare to hint that many a man has in him the makings of a martyr, who has not in him the makings of a saint. There may after all have been something in the unsympathetic view of Marcus Aurelius, that some of the Christians went to the stake out of "pure cussedness" (ψιλὴ παράταξις). I think I have known several worthy Englishmen who would certainly have carried "passive resistance"

à l'outrance, if they had lived in times of persecution, but whom it would be ridiculous to call saints.

When I chose this subject for my three lectures, I first thought of taking a few selected Christian biographies, and discussing the distinguishing characteristics of sainthood as exemplified by them. But this method did not work out very satisfactorily. Instead, I have thought it might be possible to take in turn Catholic, Protestant, and Broad Church or Liberal types, with a view to showing how much there is in common between them, what are their distinctive differences, and what are the strong and weak parts of each type. I think this idea is worth trying to carry out; but I found at once that there are great difficulties. For the differences between the Catholic and the Protestant and the Liberal Churchmen are not (fundamentally) differences between nations or denominations, but between types of mind and character. Just as Coleridge said that every man is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, so a man is born a Catholic or a Protestant. (We cannot without qualification class Liberalism as a third type. A man may be a Liberal Catholic or a Liberal Protestant; but Liberalism pure and simple is not a form of Christianity.) If this is so, it is plain that denominational classifications are very misleading. It is only at a time of profound religious upheaval,

such as the early days of Christianity, or the Reformation, that people sort themselves in their right compartments. In the time of Marcus Aurelius or Diocletian, the *anima naturaliter Christiana* left paganism and entered the Church; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Huguenots had adequate reasons for quitting the Church of Rome. But nowadays, not one person in a hundred changes his denomination. It is almost a pure accident whether a man is born and dies a Roman Catholic or an Anglican or a Dissenter. As we were born, so we live and die, so far as external membership goes. The *raison d'être* of schism becomes less and less; for the same mental types are represented in all the denominations. Among the Presbyterians there is a High Church party whose tastes and ways of looking at things are essentially Catholic; and the same phenomenon is observable in the dissenting sects. There are also genuine Protestants in the Church of Rome.

Our Church is beyond question the most comprehensive body in Christendom; and we could easily find types of every kind of Christian saintliness without going beyond our own membership. We can count nothing that is Christian alien to ourselves. How can the Church of Pusey, Keble, and Dean Church fail to reverence the typical Catholic saint? How can the Church of Shaftesbury and Simeon fail

to reverence the typical Protestant saint? And how can the Church of the Cambridge Platonists, and of Maurice, feel any doubts that saintliness and independent thinking are not incompatible?

Let us take the Catholic type first. I need not take up time by going into the controversy about the origin of Catholicism, and its relation to the original Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are or should be quite willing to admit that whereas Jesus Christ was a Jew and taught as a Jew teaching Jews, Catholicism contains an essential element derived from Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church is built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, but it is also the last great creative achievement of classical civilisation —a legacy from the ancient world rather than from the Middle Ages. The Greek and the Roman had each their own contribution to make to the universal religion, as the Northern European had later. Clement's fine simile of the river of truth, receiving affluents from both sides at various points during its course, is a very true one, and in no way derogatory to Christianity.

But it is impossible to justify our plan of discussing Catholic and Protestant piety separately, without making some attempt to determine the essential distinguishing features of Catholicism and Protestantism. We shall probably remember in this connection the late Auguste Sabatier, and

the posthumous volume entitled *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit.* The religion of authority, in his view, is Catholicism; the religion of the Spirit is liberal Protestantism. The antithesis which gives the title to his book, and which determines its whole plan, is, I venture to think, a false one. We may oppose the letter and the spirit, and we may oppose authority and private judgment; but authority and the spirit are not mutually exclusive. The assumption that they are is the great defect of the book, which puts it, in my judgment, far below the brilliant *Esquisse* which Sabatier wrote a few years earlier. We do not find that those who adhere to the so-called religions of authority are conscious of any hindrance, due to the intervention of authority, in their spiritual life; nor do they appear to the impartial observer any less spiritual than those who base their religion on private judgment. Take such Catholic saints as Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Thomas à Kempis, Teresa, John of the Cross. They did not feel "authority" come between them and God; nor did Newman, though he had been brought up as an Evangelical.

Rejecting then the false antithesis of authority and spirit, shall we find that the antithesis of authority and private judgment corresponds with the distinction between the Catholic and Protestant types? If so, we shall at once be

asked, "What then are so many mystics doing in the Catholic galley?" The mystic is before all things a thorough-going empiricist. Authority means very little to him, except as providing a chart of the journey which he means to take, every step of it, on his own feet. The mystic generally, though by no means always, conforms to ecclesiastical authority, but quite without enthusiasm. If the religion of authority and the religion of the Spirit stand opposed to each other, mysticism must be classed as the quintessence of the religion of the Spirit. And yet Herrmann calls mysticism "Catholic piety"! We are indeed in difficulties. And yet I believe that the contrast between authority and private judgment really is the main distinguishing feature between the Catholic and the Protestant types. The fact that mysticism, which relies on individual inspiration, has been honoured in the Church of Rome, while the authority of the Bible has been made the standard of truth in Protestant countries, only shows that human nature is less one-sided than partisan labels would make it. Labels are libels; the less we use them the better. The unalloyed Catholic principle would give us body without soul, a powerful machinery without anything to grind, an organisation without anything to organise. The unalloyed Protestant principle would give us no Church at all

—not even "myself and the minister"—only "myself."

From time to time there is a vigorous assertion of the Catholic or the Protestant spirit, which simply means that that aspect of the truth has been too much neglected, and needs forcible restatement. When a neglected truth is strongly recognised, it always tends to appear first in an aggressive and uncompromising form, until its claims are satisfied. Then once more it finds room for its rivals beside itself, and even deigns to adopt a good deal from them. But on the whole, the distinction between the religion of authority and the religion of private judgment, as characteristic of the distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism, is sound. The mystics have seldom been at ease in the Roman Catholic Church, nor has the Church been at ease about them. They have tended to break away from the teaching and discipline of their authorised leaders. Even when most loyal in intention and punctual in performance, they have been suspect. Reliance on personal inspiration is just the spirit which the Catholic Church is least desirous to encourage. And on the other side, though Protestants have regarded the Bible with superstitious reverence, and have even formulated the very misleading epigram that the Bible is the religion of Protestants, yet Biblical criticism has been allowed more

liberty in Protestant than in Roman Catholic countries.

The essential characteristics of these two developments of Christianity are clear. Corporate life is vital for the Catholic, individual life for the Protestant. The Catholic is essentially a member of a Church, the Protestant is essentially a pilgrim finding his own way through the wilderness to his heavenly home.

It would therefore be a mistake to look for our best types of Catholic saintliness in such books as that of Thomas à Kempis; for they are as much at home in Protestant as in Catholic libraries. It is a thing to be thankful for, that the lives of the greatest saints are the common property of all Christians, just as that of Christ Himself is. Nor can we safely take bold reformers, however loyal to the Church, as typical Catholic saints. The typical Catholic saint is before all things a *Churchman*. I know no clearer appreciation of the essential characteristics of a Catholic revival than in the Preface to Aubrey Moore's *Science and the Faith*. "Here are men in the nineteenth century actually expressing a belief in a divine society, and a supernatural presence in our midst, a brotherhood in which men become members of an organic whole by sharing in a common life, a service of man which is the natural and spontaneous outcome of the service of God. . . .

It proclaims war against individualism; it is even claimed as socialistic; it is in touch with every new movement for the good of men. Its ideal is unity, the unity of a visible organised society, which is as far removed from mechanical uniformity as from formulated disunion."

Catholicism thus appeals to some instincts of human nature which are not touched by Protestantism, and in particular to one very strong sentiment—the *esprit de corps*, which certainly has not much to do with saintliness, and which may be terribly misused, but which is a most potent engine for lifting human life out of mere sordid self-seeking.

I wish to emphasize this sense of Churchmanship—this extreme value set upon corporate unity—as the distinctive note of *Catholic* Christianity, because it seems to me that many able thinkers—chiefly among those who are not in sympathy with Catholicism—have confused the issue by regarding other points as essential. For instance, Harnack, Sabatier, and Hatch seem to me to give too much weight to the requirement of right belief as the essential thing in Catholicism. I do not think that history bears out this view. Where the Catholic Church has exercised undisputed sovereignty—when there has been no danger of rupture and schism—she has been on the whole tolerant in matters of faith, and much too tolerant in matters of practice.

Orthodoxy is regarded as a means to an end, the end being unity. Submission rather than conviction is demanded. If one talks to an educated Romanist, he will frankly admit that he takes what he can use and appreciate of the doctrines of the Church, and for the rest, he "accepts" and leaves alone. It is in some phases of Protestantism, rather than in Catholicism, that every one is expected to be sound in theology. To doubt a dogma of the Church is (I believe) a deadly sin, according to Roman Catholic teaching, but that is because such doubting is a breach of discipline, an act of disloyalty or incipient rebellion.

But this grasp of corporate unity is only half the strength of the Catholic idea. Catholicism may also be regarded as an *art*, the art of holiness. The idea of holiness is characteristically Catholic. The Catholic saint has a horror of sin, and a shrinking from it, which the Protestant would think morbid. And I think we ought to ask ourselves candidly whether *we* think it morbid or not. But I do not wish to digress on this point just now: it will come in better in my third lecture. In any case, the value set upon *innocence* is a very important part of the Catholic ideal, and unless we realise this, we cannot understand many things in the Catholic system. For instance, the whole system of the confessional seems to be based on the assumption that

the object of the moral life is to avoid deadly sins, and to commit as few venial sins as possible. It is a theory of life which is now openly questioned. "The modern man," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "is not worrying about his sins at all." The ideals of self-expression and of social service are now much more popular. But for the typical Catholic saint innocence is the highest state, and penitence the only admissible second best. When we once put ourselves at this point of view, a great deal that may before have been puzzling and even irritating becomes clear. The duty of the Catholic is to place himself in that position in which he will have fewest temptations. Very many concluded that this end was best achieved by mixing as little as possible with our fellow-men. The saying of Seneca, "As often as I have gone among men, I have returned home less of a man," is quoted with approval by more than one medieval saint. The hermit who has fled from the world has to wrestle with evil thoughts; but if that is his only temptation, the problem of retaining innocence would certainly seem to be simplified by flight from the world. But when the shallow modern critic pours contempt upon medieval saintliness as *selfish*, as if Catholicism wished us to concentrate our whole attention upon saving our own souls from hell, it must be answered that what the medieval saint wished to be saved from was the taint of

sin, not the pain of suffering. He made himself extremely uncomfortable in this world; he renounced all that the natural man finds desirable; and he invented, or rather found himself forced by the inner logic of his view of the world to postulate, a very severe system of further purification after death, to fit the soul for its final salvation. If we take the doctrine of purgatory at its best, *e.g.* in the *Dream of Gerontius*, we shall see that the root of the whole matter is the doctrine which Plato expresses when he says, "Benefit comes through pain and suffering; for in no other way is it possible to be rid of sin."

Catholicism, then, as a practical system, is an art of holiness: and holiness is conceived of, somewhat negatively, as spotlessness, as innocence. An art requires rules; it rests largely on authority. Certain modes of action, and of thought, have been discovered empirically to conduce to the formation of a certain type of character. The Church tells those who admire this type of character, and who wish to attain to it themselves, that this is the way to do it. Whosoever wishes to be saved (as we count salvation) must think about God in such and such a way, must go through such and such a course of discipline, and must do and abstain from such and such things. The Church speaks authoritatively, as the masters of any art speak

authoritatively. It is not the method of science at all, but the language of a trainer in some art which the pupil has expressed his wish to acquire. If we wish for the result, these are the means.

I think that if we read through any Catholic guide to the spiritual life—take, for example, Father Maturin's books—we shall see that this is the method of them. And the *authority* with which they speak is really the authority of well-tried and often proved principles of the art of holiness. Their authority is what is now often called *pragmatic*—it rests on the proved usefulness and validity of certain methods. We are asked to follow these methods because they have been proved to *work*. They do actually and unmistakably conduce to the formation of the kind of character—the type of the Catholic saint—which *ex hypothesi* we desire to make our own. There is therefore much to justify the modern Liberal Catholics in the Roman Church, and their disciples, if they have any, among our Anglo-Catholics, in saying that in the religious sphere *truth* has a practical and teleological sense; and that as it is not based on evidences which can be weighed by the understanding, it cannot be overthrown by arguments which are addressed to the understanding. It is a dangerous line of defence; but it shows an appreciation of the fact that Catholicism is much more an

art of holiness than a science or philosophy of existence.

What are the distinctive features of Catholic piety as exhibited in the life and character of the pious Catholic? First and foremost, there is the consciousness of belonging to a great institution—to a mighty world-power, with a remarkable history. The contrast between the tone and temper of members of a great Church, and the members of some modern sectarian body, is rather well brought in Harold Frederic's novel *Illumination*. Even those who have least sympathy with Catholicism cannot help feeling that it is a religion for a gentleman. Dignity and calmness, security and assurance, the absence of anything petty and provincial, impart an air of distinction to Catholic piety, which is too often lacking in the smaller Protestant sects. There is a real advantage in being unaffected by local and temporary movements—in being not carried to and fro by every wind of doctrine, not overdismayed by present distresses, nor perplexed by present difficulties. There is a great saving of energy in not having to settle things for oneself; in a sense submission to authority enables us to begin where others leave off. Moreover, weak minds are saved from the downright silliness of many popular beliefs and forms of religion in Protestant countries. Whatever may be thought of the science of ascetical theology

as handed down by Roman Catholic theologians —even if we suspect that a tradition of the elders has here also preserved much that was not worth preserving—classifications which correspond to no real distinctions, rules based on mere superstition, a mass of unsifted legends about the saints, their lives and their experiences—whatever deductions we think it right to make before accepting this literature as a safe and wholesome spiritual guide—it is immeasurably superior to sectarian schemes of salvation. It points to the highway of saintliness which has already been trodden by thousands. It has answers ready for the difficulties which are most likely to occur to the mind. It can at any rate claim to fulfil its promises, by actually turning out saints of the type which it professes to honour and to produce.

Another characteristic of the Catholic saint is his genuine unworldliness. The unfortunate type with which we in England are so familiar —of the man who tries to make the best of both worlds, combining unctuous religiosity with grasping covetousness, could hardly exist in the Roman Catholic Church. That Church would make demands upon him—such demands that he would have either to renounce his covetousness or his Catholicism. Moreover, the constant requirement of small acts of obedience acts as a safeguard against unconscious hypocrisy. The

question what we are willing to give up for God is one which we should often ask ourselves. And we flatter ourselves that we are willing to give up everything, in general, so long as we are not asked to give up anything in particular. The requirement of more or less irksome rules at any rate shows us at once whether we are or are not willing to make sacrifices.

No institution has ever had such a magnificent body of devoted servants as the Catholic Church. It is impossible not to feel what a source of strength it is to be one of an army, obeying the principles of a militant organisation. Catholicism has the advantage of the *esprit de corps*, the unquestioning obedience, the prompt self-surrender, which are demanded in brave soldiers. The testimony of impartial observers to the mission work of the Roman Catholics, whether priests or nuns, is very remarkable. There can be no doubt that that Church is still able to produce devoted servants worthy of its old traditions.

And now, what deductions have to be made from this appreciation? Are there any conspicuous defects in the type of saintliness which we have been considering?

Our Lord found it necessary, even among His own inner circle of disciples, to warn them against the danger of intolerance. "We forbade him because he followeth not us" was the principle

on which they wished to act, and which they apparently expected their Master to approve. The answer, as we know, was "Forbid him not, for there is no one who can work a sign in My Name that can lightly speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is on our side." Yet James and John wished to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritan village. St. John, it is said, refused to bathe under the same roof as the gnostic Cerinthus. The story is almost certainly untrue, but it shows what kind of conduct the early Church thought creditable in a great apostle. So early, and in such noble characters, did the peculiar *virus* of Christian intolerance, so absolutely alien to the spirit of the Master, show itself. From that time to this it has poisoned the lives of many of the very greatest Catholic saints. We remember the story of St. Louis, who, when a knight asked him how he should answer the objections offered by a Jew to Christianity, said, "The best answer that a layman can make to a contentious Jew is to run his sword into him as far as it will go." We remember the hideous persecutions of Moors, Jews, Albigenses, and Huguenots, all actively encouraged and approved by those whom the Church has delighted to honour.

It is very significant that the same temper reappears in every Catholic revival. Have we not heard how Dr. Pusey, in protesting against

Dr. Temple being made a bishop, accused him of having "participated in the ruin of countless souls," and how Dean Burgon wrote to Bishop Harold Browne, who helped to consecrate Temple, solemnly renouncing his friendship, and accusing him of having sold his Master, like Judas, in the hope of being made Archbishop of Canterbury? I have deliberately chosen instances of this detestable temper from the lives of men who are deservedly honoured. My subject is types of Christian saintliness. I have no concern here with caricatures and perversions of any type of Christian piety. I wish to take the type at its best, and to judge it in a spirit of appreciation; but at the same time to point out the places in which it obviously falls short of, or even actively contradicts, the spirit of Christ. I wish heartily that I could dissociate this fierce intolerance and hatred from the type of Christianity, in other ways so noble and beautiful, which we are to-day considering. But the facts of history are against any attempt to do so. I have said that nothing is more significant than the revival of the *odium theologicum*, in its acutest form, among the early Tractarians. If it has somewhat died down now, it is because the movement is passing into other phases, and is no longer, as it was at first, a real resuscitation of the spirit and temper of the great age of Catholicism.

It is not easy to estimate the causes of this unhappy tendency. It is, I suppose, partly Jewish, and partly Roman; not at all Greek. Juvenal accuses the Jews of carrying their religious animosity so far as to refuse to show the road except to a co-religionist. When to this fanatical exclusiveness we add the Roman feeling about treason, transferred from the emperor to the Church, we have perhaps the two chief ingredients of the persecuting spirit. An army in the field is always far more cruel and merciless than its individual members would be acting singly, and the Catholic Church, in dealing with heretics, has consistently adopted the attitude of an army hunting down and exterminating a savage enemy.

How far in the future this spirit may be separable from Catholicism I will not venture to predict. For us, it should be always before our minds that intolerance is an accursed thing, that it has dogged Catholicism hitherto like its shadow, and that it has been the cause of some of the most hideous crimes that have ever disgraced humanity. The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in the Dreyfus case is horribly significant. The interests of the Church, real or supposed, were allowed altogether to dwarf the claims of individual justice. The Church had thrown in its lot with the officers in the army, and was engaged with them in a plot to subvert the

republican form of government. And now the Church was ready to shield the officers who had participated in a most disgraceful miscarriage of justice, the victim of which was an alien in religion. "*Melius est ut unus pereat quam unitas*" —I found this precious epigram in a collection of mottoes by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth: I am afraid he meant to give it his approval, but I hope not. It is of course identical with the argument of Caiaphas for slaying Christ. But I have no wish to go into the Dreyfus case, which certainly has nothing to do with Christian saintliness. The French nation has at last admitted its error, and we are all glad to forget the unhappy business.

Another accusation freely brought against the honoured names of Catholicism, and against the type of character which that system aims at developing, is indifference to truth. Charles Kingsley, in opposing Newman, brought this charge against him. Newman rebutted it with much lofty indignation, and with all his usual dialectical skill. After his death, Dr. Abbott brought out a book called *Philomythus*, in which the same charges were renewed in a more elaborate form. I think it is possible to draw a distinction, which will remove the most offensive part of the imputation. The excuses for prevarication and deception in social intercourse, defended by some Roman casuists like

Alfonso of Liguori, are one thing; credulity in religious belief is another. I do not think that truthfulness in the former sense is estimated by the official Roman Catholic ethics so high as it is by the honourable English gentleman, but we are now dealing with moral excellence only, and the best Catholics are of course beyond reproach in this respect. But the sting of Kingsley's attack lay in a charge of a less vulgar kind—that which was implied in the title of Dr. Abbott's book—*Philomythus*. On what grounds does Roman Catholicism, even of the purest and best kind, maintain and encourage belief in a whole mass of legends which are supported by the flimsiest evidence, and which in themselves are to say the least of it unlikely? There is no question that this peculiarity in the typical Catholic mind repels and perplexes a vast number of people who in all other ways are disposed to regard Catholicism with great respect.

There are two criteria of truth. We may believe that which harmonises with external facts, or that which harmonises with the needs of our own souls. The American writer Walt Whitman says somewhere, "Whatever satisfies souls is true"; and this is the creed of the new pragmatist philosophy in a nutshell. It is also the foundation of the luxuriant crop of myth and legend which has grown up in the Catholic Church. "Whatever helps me is true," or may

be taken by me as true for practical purposes. It is the key to the whole policy and history of Catholicism in its popular teaching. Do the newly converted pagans hanker after their genial festivals? Do they miss the familiar anniversaries as they come round? Then let them continue to keep them, with as few changes as possible: the gods and goddesses shall be baptized, not abolished, and shall live on as saints. Does sentimental piety feel the want of a female element in the objects of its worship? Then let the Mother of God be divinised and worshipped as a goddess, and let her help be invoked. Do the people want local shrines? Then let each district have its own Madonna, with peculiar characteristics, so that one Madonna may be prayed to for recovery from sickness, another for fertility, another for safety from shipwreck. Do the people complain that God does nothing—that there is no outward mark of favour to distinguish the saint from the sinner? Then let them have their stories of saints flying through the air, invested with aureoles, putting devils to flight, working wonders of every kind. Do they show coldness and sluggishness at the Eucharist, and are they unable to realise the Presence of Christ in the Sacrament? Then tell them that the elements are actually transubstantiated, and that they hold the veritable flesh and blood in their hands, and at least for a few

hours in their bodies. "Whatever helps souls is true": this is the excuse or justification for all the lore of "supernatural phenomena."

It is an attitude which may be, and has been, ably defended philosophically. The material world is not the only real world—perhaps it is not the real world at all. The intellect is not our only faculty. We have also wills and affections, which have perhaps as good a right to project a world-system after their own image as the understanding has. By adopting this line of argument, it may be maintained that the only kind of truth within our reach is not the conformity of our ideas with objective reality, but their arrangement in a system which will bring us peace of mind and help us to live dutiful and virtuous lives. Thus scepticism about the physical order, or distrust of its standards of truth, is not only not a hindrance to religious conviction, but is for some minds almost a *condition* of it. Any evidence of contradiction, confusion, uncertainty in the conclusions of natural science, is eagerly welcomed. It becomes almost a necessity to discredit the view of reality which the *understanding* posits; to find inexplicable breaches in its laws, and insoluble difficulties in its theories. A kind of hostility is shown to science whenever it tries, as it is bound to do, to take account of all phenomena and to complete itself. The scientist is regarded as *ipso facto* an enemy of

religion, and it is even assumed that his only object must be the overthrow of the Christian faith.

This attitude of mind is very characteristic of the type which we are considering to-day. Religious faith is based on intellectual scepticism: the verdicts of the reason, or at any rate of the understanding, are flouted and disparaged. Newman is perhaps the most perfect example of this attitude. More modern apologists of the Liberal Catholic school, instead of opposing and discrediting science, are willing to give it a perfectly free hand, even when it touches the dogmas of religion. But they argue that the conclusions of science, be they what they may, can only affect the occurrence of events in the physical order —"facts"—which, however well they may be established, have only a comparatively low value and degree of reality, precisely because they are facts, while the dogmas are representative ideas of faith, the product of the will and affection of the Church, and therefore, on the theory of the new pragmatist philosophy, belonging to a higher order than can be claimed for the affirmations of the understanding.

This line of apologetic professes to be only an attempt to make explicit the basis on which Catholic dogma actually rests. In so far as the attempt has been successful, it has exposed a real and serious weakness in the system which it was

designed to defend. For we cannot play fast and loose with our knowledge of the laws which regulate the world of nature. These laws, so far as they are known to us, are a real revelation of the "power and godhead" of the Creator. The invisible things of God cannot be understood by us without a candid study of the visible order. It is not for us to impose our own notions of what is right and fitting upon God's universe. We must take it as we find it, and study it reverently. We cannot remodel the universe to suit our moral and spiritual needs: to a very large extent we must put ourselves to school, to adapt ourselves to the laws which actually exist, and to which we have to conform. Some of the best Catholics have shown a most unfortunate failure to realise the importance of *getting at the truth* in matters concerning the physical order—an indifference which can be easily understood after what I have said, but which is a real and serious impediment to progress.

In matters of religious belief, this unwillingness to learn is still more strongly accentuated. Newman is again, for his extreme candour, our best example. "From the time that I became a Catholic (he says), of *course* I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no

variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. It was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption."

Well: we all wish to come into port; but is the port, when there is no more history, open to us while we live here? The sea is stormy, no doubt; but I think we have to get across it somehow, and not to run for shelter into the nearest harbour. Catholic piety, in the typical forms which we have been considering, is after all incomplete and one-sided. It sets itself too easy a task, because it refuses to consider some of the problems which we were sent into the world to solve. It does not look the world of experience fairly in the face. It allows its imagination, its wishes and emotions to run riot in the sphere which belongs to reason and science. And above all it snatches too eagerly at the prospect of inward peace and deliverance from doubt and anxiety. Doubts and anxieties are not sins; they are our portion here, and we must live through them, till we come out at the other end. There must be no running into sheltered harbours and shirking the rest of our voyage. The secret of failure, in religion as in everything else, is "*nimis avide consolationem quaerere.*"

And so we must, I think, conclude that the beautiful and noble type of Christian saintliness which we have been considering to-day is not *all*

that we are looking for—it will not, taken alone, conduct us to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Perhaps we may find in other types, however imperfect themselves, some supplementary qualities which may convince us that they too have a right to exist and to claim their part in the divine work of advancing the kingdom of God and carrying out His Will.

II

PROTESTANTISM is the democracy of religion. The principle of democracy is not exactly that every citizen is equally competent to form an opinion on public affairs, but that the exercise of private judgment and responsibility is a necessary part of sound political training, without which the citizen must remain a child in all such matters. As applied to religion, it asserts not the *right* of private judgment so much as the *duty* of it. Every man must hammer out his own faith, because otherwise it will not be really his own.

> "For only by unlearning, wisdom comes,
> And climbing backward to diviner youth.
> What the world teaches profits to the world,
> What the soul teaches profits to the soul,
> Which then first stands erect with Godward face,
> When she lets fall her pack of withered facts,
> The gleanings of the outward eye and ear,
> And looks and listens with her finer sense:
> Nor truth nor knowledge cometh from without."

It requires some courage, in face of Herrmann's assertion that "mysticism is Catholic piety"—

a thesis in defence of which he has written a well-known book (*The Communion of the Christian with God*) which has a reputation in Germany —it requires some courage to say that mysticism is *Protestant* piety. But really, I think, such a statement would be not very far from the truth —at any rate, very much nearer to it than that of Herrmann. But I am content with my first definition—Protestantism is the democracy of religion.

Another and a very different definition might be given—Protestantism is Teutonic Christianity. Northern Europe is in point of fact the scene of the historical manifestation of the Protestant spirit. Protestantism as it appeared in the sixteenth century—protesting Protestantism—was essentially the revolt of the Teutonic spirit, now becoming conscious of itself and confident, against a religion which had been accepted rather than adopted by the half-civilised northern races. These peoples brought with them into Christianity their non-Christian ethics of valour and honour, their vein of sentiment, their simple barbarous superstitions. There was much in the original Oriental Christianity, and more in the Latin Christianity of the Roman Empire, which was neither intelligible nor acceptable to them. When they dared to think for themselves, they were bound to diverge more and more widely from the Latin model. Our real religion,

as has been argued in a very clever manner,[1] is much more Anglo-Saxon than our professed beliefs. Our practical working religion, I mean that of the typical English layman, is mainly the ideal of honour and chivalry. Most of us would wince much less at being found guilty of one of the seven deadly sins than at being condemned decisively for having done something ungentlemanly. The sin that has no forgiveness is a breach of the laws of honour and chivalry. This is why the average clergyman finds it so hard to preach about Jacob and Esau, or about Saul and David. We are separated from Old Testament ethics not only by 3000 years—that we could get over—but by about the same number of miles, and the conflict between Eastern and Western ideals is irreconcilable.

Protestantism then from this point of view is Northern Christianity. "In its spirit and inward inspiration," says Santayana, "it is quite as independent of Judæa as of Rome. It is simply the natural religion of the Teutons raising its head above the flood of Roman and Judæan influences. Its character may be indicated by saying that it is a religion of pure spontaneity, of emotional freedom, deeply respecting itself, but scarcely deciphering its purposes. It is the

[1] By Mr. Garrod in the *Hibbert Journal.*

self-consciousness of a spirit in process of incubation, jealous of its potentialities, averse to definitions and finalities of any kind because it can itself discern nothing fixed or final. It is adventurous and puzzled by the world, full of rudimentary virtues and clear fire, energetic, faithful, rebellious to experience, inexpert in all matters of art and mind. It boasts, not without cause, of its depth and purity; but this depth and purity are those of any formless and primordial substance." There is much truth in this; and there is great significance in the deep-rooted dislike and distrust which Newman manifests for this "Gothic" religion of a gentleman, in a famous and very beautiful passage of his Lectures on University Education. To him all the virtues of this type are but splendid vices, possessing in some cases a deceptive resemblance to the Catholic virtues. The gentleman (he says) is the creation, not of Christianity, but of civilisation. Modesty, though it simulates humanity so well, is radically different from it: its self-respect is only pride under a new name—pride which, under the guidance of modesty, ceases to be the disagreeable, uncompanionable quality which it is in itself. Protestant pride, renamed self-respect, "is directed into the channels of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience. . . . It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and low; it is the

very household god of society, as at present constituted, inspiring neatness and decency in the servant girl, propriety of carriage and refined manners in her mistress, uprightness, manliness, and generosity in the head of the family. It diffuses a light over town and country, it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon." There is much more of this sub-acid praise, ending with a singularly delicate portrait of the English gentleman in his social relations. My point is that Newman, with his usual penetration, sees that he is dealing with an alien and rival ideal—an ideal which is too sure of itself to submit to *his* standards—a theory of life which is quite independent of Catholic beliefs. There is, then, it must be admitted, a close connection between the "Gothic" religion of a gentleman—the real religion of most Englishmen—and Protestantism as opposed to Catholicism. Santayana finds the true meaning of Protestantism, as the religion of the Northern nations, to be the repudiation of the world-renouncing ascetic element in Christianity. The original Gospel, he says, is unworldly, disenchanted, ascetic: it treats ecclesiastical establishments with tolerant contempt, conforming to them with indifference; it regards prosperity

as a danger, earthly ties as a burden, Sabbaths as a superstition; it is democratic and antinomian; it loves contemplation, poverty, and solitude; it meets sinners with sympathy and heartfelt forgiveness, but Pharisees and Puritans with biting scorn. Protestantism is the exact opposite of all this. It is convinced of the importance of success and prosperity; it abominates what is disreputable; contemplation seems to it idleness, solitude selfishness, and poverty a sort of dishonourable punishment. It is constrained and punctilious in righteousness; it regards a married and industrious life as typically godly, and there is a sacredness to it, as of a vacant Sabbath, in the unoccupied higher spaces which such an existence leaves for the soul. It is sentimental, its ritual is meagre and unctuous, it expects no miracles, it thinks optimism akin to piety, and regards profitable enterprise and practical ambition as a sort of moral vocation. Its Evangelicalism lacks the notes, so prominent in the Gospel, of disillusion, humility, and speculative detachment. Its benevolence is optimistic, and aims at raising men to a conventional well-being; it thus misses the inner appeal of Christian charity which being merely remedial in physical matters begins by renunciation and looks to spiritual freedom and peace.

If this were a true account of the innermost meaning and essence of Protestantism, an address

on Protestant saintliness would have to be like Southey's chapter on "Snakes in Ireland"—"There are no Protestant saints." For the vigorous active life of the English or American man of the world, beneficent and honourable as it often is, has little or nothing to do with saintliness. But I have already said that the essence of Protestantism—a form of religion which certainly did not begin at the Reformation—is not Teutonism, but the belief in the *inspiration* of the individual. Its association with the Northern European races is in a sense accidental. At any rate, we may study this type more satisfactorily if we dissociate it from the peculiar characteristics of the English, Scotch, and German peoples, and consider it in itself.

There is one classical example of the type of saintliness which I have called Protestant, and he did not belong to Western Europe. He is a man about whose religious life we know as much as we know about the inner life of any man. I mean the apostle St. Paul.

St. Paul has never become a popular Catholic saint, in spite of all the official ecclesiastical honour paid to him. He has never become the object of religious worship, in the real sense of the word, like the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anne, or in a lower rank St. Antony and St. Aloysius, shadowy half-mythical figures though some of them are. Catholics have always felt

instinctively that St. Paul is a saint who does not belong to them.

Let us pass in review the salient features of his life. He was born and bred in a typical Hellenistic town, which faithfully reproduced the mixed civilisation of the age. His metaphors and word-pictures are all drawn from urban life —he was as thorough a townsman as our Lord was a thorough countryman. His training in the Pharisaic discipline was hard, serious, and severe. It included a great deal of what we in our ignorance call Pauline theology, but which is really contemporary Jewish theology, only slightly modified by his conversion. It was his Pharisaic training that first taught him that the true seed of Abraham are those who do the will of God, not those who can boast physical descent from Abraham. Pharisaism, it must be remembered, at first honestly endeavoured to carry on the prophetic tradition of moral righteousness as opposed to national privilege. "The Law" was after all a much nobler and higher object of reverence than the bloody sacrifices and tiresome ceremonies of the priestly hierarchy at Jerusalem. The sacerdotal dynasty had so profaned the worship of Jehovah by their crimes and vices, that pious Jews turned more and more to the synagogue and the written word, which they regarded with exaggerated and superstitious reverence. But above all things, the young

Pharisee valued what he called "the Promises" —the hope of a Messianic kingdom in which the triumph of right over wrong was to be finally established and secured. Like the modern Protestant, Saul was brought up on a book religion, and on hopes and fears of future judgment.

During the time when he was most active as a Pharisee and a persecutor, are we to suppose that he did not feel the burthen of the law—that he was not inwardly torn by the conflict of which he speaks so eloquently? I venture to say that to believe this would be to make his conversion a psychological impossibility. No: the conflict must have begun in him some time before the vision near Damascus. When he held the garments of those who stoned Stephen, he was already kicking against the pricks. Pharisaic righteousness, as he had learned it, was an intolerable burden, even to himself; and to the masses, who had neither time nor knowledge to be adepts and professors in legal observance, it was no way of deliverance, but a mockery.

And yet—was it possible that one who had died under the curse of the law—the Founder of a sect who renounced and condemned the whole scheme of Pharisaic righteousness—could be the promised Messiah? If so, his whole life up to that time would be stultified. Fighting desper-

ately against this unwelcome conclusion, he tried to disprove Christianity by stamping out the Christians. A brief period of feverish and miserable activity of this kind was brought to a sudden close by the vision of the glorified Christ on the road to Damascus. It was the victory of the truth which he had been trying to exorcise. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goads." Saul kicked against the goads no more. From that hour he was a new man. He "died" to his old self—this, his own expression, is alone adequate to describe what happened. It is the classic instance of instantaneous conversion, which is always instantaneous only in its effects, not in its causes. From henceforth he is dead to the world; yet not dead, for Christ lived in him. A personal life from heaven has made a new creature of him. He has seen the risen Lord, like Peter and James and others of His disciples. But that is not all, nor nearly all. With the glorified Christ he has experienced the Holy Ghost. The outlines of these two heavenly beings grow indistinct to him. He uses the names indiscriminately. Now he calls the principle of his inner life Christ, now the Spirit, now the Spirit of Christ, now the Spirit of God. Consider this passage in its bearing on the Trinitarian doctrine of the New Testament (Rom. viii. 9 *f.*), "Ye are not in the flesh, but

in the Spirit, if so be that the *Spirit of God* dwelleth in you. But if any man have not the *Spirit of Christ*, he is none of His. And if *Christ* is in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the *Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead* dwelleth in you, He that raised Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through *His Spirit* that dwelleth in you." This certainty that the good man's reward is not only a promise to be fulfilled in the future, but an abiding possession which gives proof of its presence in a courage which is stronger than death, in a love which can pass all barriers, and in sighs of devotion and aspiration which cannot be uttered, is the great turning point from Judaism to Christianity. It is also the beginning of Christian mysticism. The Incarnation, through the gift of the Paraclete, is verily and indeed continued, though in another form, in the soul of the "spiritual" Christian.

This belief in individual divine inspiration and indwelling is, as I have said, the distinctive feature of Protestant piety. It involves the claim that the prophecy of Jer. xxxi. 33 *f.* has been fulfilled under the Christian dispensation; and that henceforth the Christian may be a law to himself, because the Spirit of God dwells in him, to guide and enlighten him.

St. Paul seems at first to have really cherished

the hope that Churches might be instituted in which this kind of inspiration would visibly direct all the members. The inevitable result was a deplorable state of indiscipline and even some cases of flagrant scandal. Antinomianism always results from an exaggerated reliance on individual inspiration. In the latest group of St. Paul's Epistles, the idea of the Church is more and more emphasized. Experience had proved the necessity of discipline.

Some of you may be thinking that the stress which I have laid on individual inspiration as the kernel of Protestantism is not justified by its history. You may wish to remind me that the early Reformers were violently hostile to the Anabaptists, and that the Quakers were treated with great intolerance. Luther also expressed contempt and dislike for mystics like Sebastian Frank. My answer to this objection is that Protestantism was very slow in understanding its own root-principles. The Reformers were far from giving up the medieval idea of the Church. They quarrelled with the sectarians and mystics just because they wished to withdraw into small pietistic circles, to hold aloof from the State, and to give up compulsion in matters of belief. Luther himself began as a mystic, but was driven by the exigencies of his great struggle with Rome to become a dogmatist and institutionalist. For a long time organised

Protestantism was bitterly hostile to what is called "enthusiasm" or "fanaticism" on the one hand, and to humanism and science on the other. Now, it has fully recognised its kinship with mysticism, and in Germany at least has easily come to terms with humane learning. Leaving this last point for my third lecture, I think it may be stated as an unquestionable truth, that as soon as Protestantism shakes itself free from the traditions of an alien system, it becomes simply personal religion, based on the belief that the human soul has direct access to God. This development, says Troeltsch, makes Protestantism as a whole now appear as the religion of conscience and conviction, without compulsorily imposed dogma, and with a free Church organisation independent of the State, and a certainty based on inner feeling independent of proofs addressed to the reason. This subjective certainty is a large part of what most Protestants mean by faith. They use this important word in a somewhat different sense from the Catholics, tending to narrow it till it means little more than confidence, trust, assurance, as manifested to the feelings. As a rule, these feelings are connected with the idea of the Redeemer, rather than with that of God the Father. Evangelical piety usually has its centre in devotion to the person and character of Christ; and in this picture the Passion

is generally dwelt on with peculiar insistence and tenderness. For the Protestant, however, the sufferings of the Redeemer are an idea or a doctrine, rather than an event in past history.

I do not mean to say much about what is called Protestant bibliolatry. It would be easy to show how the Reformers were driven to look about for an infallible authority, and how they could only discover it in the Bible. The early Protestants earnestly desired to find a strong bond of unity among themselves. They could not seek it in uniformity of public worship; that test belonged to the system which they had abandoned. Correctness of belief seemed to be the only available test of membership, and this must have behind it an unchallengeable authority. This authority they found in the Bible. But Protestantism is not, like the later Judaism and Islam, essentially a book-religion. When the Protestant uses the Bible as an oracle, he uses it utterly uncritically, much as some have practised divination by opening Virgil at random. This unintelligent attitude towards the Bible is at present the greatest obstacle to the prosperity of the Evangelical party.

The infallible book, then, was a substitute for the infallible Church; but Protestantism in its pure form appeals to no infallible external authority: it needs none. The history of Pro-

testantism has clearly shown that its theory of inspiration is not necessary to its existence. "In institutions as in ideas, there is an inner logic more powerful than the formal logic of party men. The more men strove to magnify the authority of the Bible against Roman Catholic controversialists, the more they brought into light other fundamental principles of the Reformation, which had inspired the pioneers of Protestantism, though they had no clear understanding of their true nature and immense import—the principles of the freedom of enquiry and of the religious self-supremacy of the individual conscience" (Réville). At first, no doubt, there was an appeal to a dual tribunal—Scripture *and* Conscience. Luther's last word at the Diet of Worms, when he refused to recant, in spite of the threats of the Emperor, the Pope's legate, and the Princes of the Church, was: "If you do not convince me by the witness of the Scriptures *or* by conclusive arguments, I cannot and will not in any wise recant; for it is a perilous thing to act against one's own conscience." But the ultimate appeal is to the individual conscience, an appeal all the more confident because the Reformers with one consent proclaim the powerlessness of the human reason and conscience when left to itself. It was the grace of God and the Spirit of Christ, acting mainly through the medium of Holy

Scripture, that they trusted; just as St. Paul trusted the same inspiration. "*We* have the Spirit of Christ."

This type of Christian piety was and is fond of representing itself as a return to the religion of Christ, to the pure original Gospel. This claim is hardly tenable. Is it true that Protestantism stripped Christianity of most of its Graeco-Roman accretions—of that element which may without offence be called its transformed paganism; but the residuum is not Judean Christianity, or anything like it. Protestantism is not Jewish any more than Pagan in its affinities. Its adventitious part is "Gothic."

But the real question at issue is whether Christ ever intended that his Church should merely preserve the deposit of teaching which he bequeathed. We have heard a good deal lately of static and dynamic views of Christianity; the former name has been given to the theology of the German Protestant school, while the latter is said to be the more enlightened view of the Liberal Romanist. My own sympathies are with what has been called the dynamic view, though I profoundly distrust the peculiar apologetic with which it is connected. Historically, the weakness of the "static" view is that we have to push the beginnings of what the Protestant calls "corruptions" and "secularisation" so very far back, even to St. Paul's

Epistles. Sabatier is willing to accept this. "The Galilean idyll (he says) ended with the death of Christ." So Professor Burkitt has said, "The keystone of Protestantism, the one thing which historically justifies us in breaking with the Catholic tradition, is the breach of continuity at the earliest period." In other words, we cannot accept even St. Paul without accepting nascent Catholicism, though there is not a trace of this type of religion in the genuine teaching of Christ. But this seems to me fatal to the static view. If the Church could not even begin to be founded without breaking with our Lord's teaching, He never intended to found a society at all, and all the churches must be wrong together. The alternative is to accept frankly the principle of evolution as applicable to Christianity, and to assume that Christ intended His society to grow and change, and show the signs of life which we expect in a living organism. Of course it does not follow that the actual line of development which it took in history was either necessary or legitimate. It seems to me that the very early *change* (I will not call it breach of continuity) which the nascent Church underwent, coincident with its transplantation from Aramaic to European soil, is the historical justification *both* of Catholicism and of Protestantism. Of Catholicism because it shows that the Church never had a static period—there never was a

time when the Church was free from the development which Harnack calls secularisation and depotentiation. Of Protestantism, because it forces us to admit that even the earliest Catholicism is not the gospel of Christ, but a development of it which may have been suitable to certain peoples and certain stages of culture, but which has been proved to be unsuitable to others.

But it is time for us to consider what are the distinctive features of Protestant piety as they appear in the individual life.

The type of saint which we are now considering is a lonely wrestler with God, like Jacob. He distrusts or disdains many of the helps which the Catholic finds so useful: he will work out his own salvation through God that worketh in him, without any human intermediary. Compare Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* with a Catholic book of the same kind, and you will see at once where the difference lies.

It is one of the paradoxes in religious history that this individualistic type of Christianity should have carried out nearly all the social reforms which can be fairly set down to the credit of the Christian religion. Catholicism never abolished slavery, and never would have done so. It was Quaker philanthropy which awoke the conscience of Europe to the horrors of the old prison system. While Catholicism has

generally been content with relieving cases of misery, and so mitigating the results of social wrong, Protestantism has shown some appreciation of the fact that prevention is better than cure, and has in some cases prevented the wrong from being done.

A great deal of this practical activity, which often runs on philanthropic lines, is a kind of substitute for the works of piety and religion which fill so large a space in the life of the Catholic, and so small a space in that of the Protestant. Every serious view of life must try to find expression in action, and Protestantism is precluded by its principles from seeking to "acquire merit" by performing acts of ceremonial piety. And so, while proclaiming that "doing ends in death," Protestantism is always "doing"; to be immersed in some strenuous pursuit is part of its character. "It is a part of Protestantism" (says Santayana again) "to be austere, energetic, unwearied in some laborious task. The end and the prize are not so much regarded as the mere habits of self-control and practical devotion and steadiness. The point is to accomplish something, no matter particularly what; so that Protestants show on this ground some respect even for a scholar or an artist, when he has once achieved success. A certain experience of ill-fortune is only a stimulus. So great is the antecedent trust in the world that the world as

it appears at first blush may be confidently defied."

You will probably remember a short poem of Clough which expresses this side of the Protestant character as well as it could be expressed.

"Hope evermore and believe, O man; for even as thy thought is,
So are the things that thou seest, even as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against them;
Hast thou courage? enough, see them exulting to yield.
Yea, the rough rocks, the dull earth, the wild sea's furying waters
(Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou think'st to destroy)
All with ineffable longing are waiting their invader,
All with one varying voice call to him, Come and subdue.
Still for their Conqueror call, and but for the joy of being conquered
(Rapture they will not forgo) dare to resist and rebel;
Still, when resisting and raging, in soft undervoice say unto him,
Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe.
Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.

Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the duty to do.
Go with the spiritual life, with the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God go and encompass the earth.
Go: say not in thine heart, and what then, were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what is the use and the good?
Go: when the impulse is stayed, and when the deed is accomplished,
What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be declared to thee then.
Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself, it is good; yet is there better than it.
This that I see is not all; and this that I do is but little,
Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it."

This practical activity has been of great value in the removal of evils, which Catholicism is content to condemn, and to use as affording a scope for the Christian virtues. "Disapproval and proscription" (says Santayana once more) "play a large part in Protestant sentiment. The zeal for righteousness, the practical expectation that all shall be well, cannot tolerate recognised evils.

Evils must be abolished or at least hidden ; they must not offend the face of day and give the lie to universal sanctimony. This austerity and repression, though they involve occasional hypocrisy, lead also to substantial moral reconstruction. Protestantism, springing from a pure heart, purifies convention and is a tonic to any society in which it prominently exists. It has the secret of that honest simplicity which belongs to unspoiled youth, that keen integrity native to the ungalled spirit unconscious of any duplicity in itself or of any inward reason why it should fail. The only evils it recognises seem so many challenges to action, so many conditions for some glorious unthought of victory."

The type of piety which we are now considering is not, I hope, in danger of extinction, but it is certainly partially eclipsed in our generation. The old-fashioned Evangelical was as austere as the devout Catholic, indeed more so, for he allowed himself fewer pleasures, and had no feast days of the Church on which it is a sin to fast, except Christmas Day. The Puritan Sabbath is a very different thing from the Catholic Sunday. The sincerity of his profession was tested partly by these renunciations and partly by the way in which he discharged the universal duty of *doing* something. "If it be only the most infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in heaven's name," says Carlyle. The effect of this theory

of life was the highly organised, strenuous, and wealthy urban civilisation which has never been produced in genuinely Catholic countries.

I am trying in these three lectures to take the various types on the whole at their best, and we are unfortunate if we have not come across some beautiful and winning examples of the saintly Evangelical. One might have supposed *a priori* that his extremely uncritical use of the Bible as an inspired oracle, all of more or less equal value, would have led him into moral errors. But, as I have said, the real ultimate appeal, for the Protestant, is not to the Bible but to conscience; and in the saintly Evangelical, to conscience enlightened by habitual prayer and frequent meditation. The life of prayer springs naturally from his intense belief in inner communion with God. And he is attached to the human Christ, as St. Paul was, through His atoning death. He does not indeed, as a rule, quite understand St. Paul's religion of the atonement. He separates Christ's death too much from the Resurrection. He does not say, "Christ that died, *nay rather* that is risen again," but is content with "the precious blood shed for me." This displacement of emphasis leads to over-insistence on "Christ for us," and to partial forgetfulness of "Christ in us," though the mystical union with the glorified yet ever present Christ is the very essence of Evangelical Chris-

tianity. Transactional theories of the atonement have had an unfortunate attraction for Evangelicalism, partly, I believe, because ideas borrowed from *trade*, in which so many of this school have been engaged, have appealed to them, and been readily understood by them. The strong points in Evangelical piety are its personal devotion to Christ, and its insistence on honest useful work.

I must now touch briefly on its defects. They are, largely, those which were rubbed into the last generation of Englishmen by Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and other candid critics. An unenlightened conscience is a most dangerous thing. We see it in its lowest form in the faddist—a noxious variety of human folly almost peculiar to this country; and in the political dissenter, who picks out his most unreasoning prejudices, his most unjustifiable animosities, and labels them "Religious scruples: sacred—not to be touched"—till the thing becomes a transparent trick for political purposes. But without descending nearly so low as this, and keeping, as I have been trying to do, away from mere perversions and caricatures of the type which I am considering, how much ugliness and evil, and what a portentous waste of energy, has resulted from the unimaginative unreflecting activity of Protestantism! When one contrasts an English manufacturing town with the picturesque if

lazy existence of an Italian or Spanish city; when one contrasts the senseless and purposeless luxury of the rich Englishman's home with the clean poverty and simple grace of the Japanese, for example, our faith in mere activity is a good deal shaken.

The same want of imagination and reflection —the same dulness of feeling—is mainly responsible for the repulsive Calvinistic belief in reprobation which so strangely coexists with piety and warm affection in many good people of this type. The religious optimism of which we have spoken as part of the Protestant creed fills with happiness the man or woman who possesses this faith, but it is a gloomy creed when applied to humanity at large. If all is for the best, it must be for the best, it must be God's will, that multitudes should be lost. St. Paul felt the difficulty strongly as regards his own countrymen, who had thrust away the proffered salvation. He is bound to accept the fact, and to regard it as God's free choice. God accepts some and rejects others, as a potter makes some vessels unto honour and others unto dishonour. Of course this is no solution. How can a predestinarian love all men, as Christianity says he is bound to do? If he loved the foredoomed reprobate, would he not be overwhelmed by pity, grief, and even indignation? And would he not then be better than his God, who shows

no pity for the vessels which He has decreed to break? St. Paul does not solve this great problem, but he feels it acutely, and hopes, almost against hope, that at last all may be well. "God has included all in disobedience that He may show mercy upon all." But the Calvinist too often feels no difficulty, no distress at the consequences of his views; and this shows, as I have said, a defect of imagination and blunted sensibilities. We must not, however, put this down as a defect peculiar to the Protestant type. The traditional Romanist preaching about hell is quite as detestable as the Calvinist, and resembles it, except that the Romanist professes to believe that those who are outside the Catholic Church have personally deserved the eternal tortures which are awaiting them in the next world—unless indeed they can escape by pleading their exceptional stupidity.

Another weakness of the type which we are considering to-day is its tendency to a compromise with the world. It is easy to see that a gospel of combined strenuousness and abstention from pleasures is likely to make its adherents very rich, and this has notoriously been the case with the Quakers, who on the whole have made a very good use of their wealth. But Protestants must not forget what dangers lurk in this direction. The character of Bulstrode in *Middlemarch* was probably drawn from the life; and it

certainly exposes the kind of self-deception to which the pious merchant is peculiarly liable. In real life we have the case of Jabez Balfour, who I suppose was a character rather like Bulstrode, only with more ability. Mr. Benn in his recent work on the Philosophy of Religion thinks that what he describes as the break up of the Evangelical party was largely due to the association of some of its members with big financial swindles. He gives no names, and I do not know whether there is any truth in the statement, but it would hardly have been made without some justification. I think there is something about it in the Preface to Kingsley's *Yeast*.

In spite of these defects, I confess that I ardently desire to see a revival of the best Evangelical type of Christian saintliness in our generation. I deplore the decay of the old English Sunday, which may have been an infliction to children, but which was a day of true rest, recollection, and home affection for the busy adult. The modern weekly bank holiday is a very poor substitute. And a touch of austerity for the sake of austerity—a preference for the simple, unwasteful life, is grievously needed. The new Evangelicalism need not be hostile to Art, it need not be prim, morose, or dowdy; but it should be willing to endure hardness, not in order to keep Church rules—"the tradition of the elders"

—nor to help the poor, but from a conviction that the simple life is the right life for a Christian, who is a pilgrim and a soldier on active service. The moral value and dignity of work well done, for its own sake, is another lesson which our generation is forgetting, and of which it should be reminded. Of the value of the life of personal piety and devotion to Jesus Christ, of habitual and unashamed resort to prayer and praise, and childlike trust that all things, great and little, are ordered for the best, there is no need that I should speak to you.

III

Bishop Thirlwall used to protest against the tripartite classification of Churchmen as High, Low, and *Broad*. The opposite of Broad, he said, is not high or low, but narrow. There are broad and narrow Churchmen in all sections of the Church. But is there really a Liberal type of Christianity? Catholicism and Protestantism do seem to be forms of Christianity. As I suggested in my first lecture a man may be said to be born a Catholic or a Protestant as much as he has been said to be born an Aristotelian or a Platonist. Perhaps he is also born a Liberal or a Conservative. Religion itself was born a Conservative; and is generally the most consistent and uncompromising of Tories. Just as Dr. Johnson thought that the devil was the first Whig, so a great many worthy Churchmen and Churchwomen think that the devil was the first theological Liberal, and the father of all subsequent theological Liberals. I may once more take Newman as the representative of the stiffest Catholic position. Liberalism for him is a moral malady incidental to

academical studies. "By Liberalism" (he says) "I mean false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and is therefore out of place. Among such matters are first principles of whatever kind; and of them the most sacred and momentous are especially to be reckoned the truths of revelation. Liberalism then is the mistake of subjecting to human judgment those revealed doctrines which are in their nature beyond and independent of it, and of claiming to determine on intrinsic grounds the truth and value of propositions which rest for their reception simply on the external authority of the divine Word." We have travelled a long way since the early days of the Oxford movement, and there is probably no living theologian who would dare to pen such a sentence. It is now, I suppose, universally recognised that a revelation which rested "simply on external authority" could never be made, and, if it could, it would have no moral authority at all. But the uncompromising hostility to reason which these words display is very instructive. Reason is coolly warned off as a trespasser whenever it approaches the confines of "revealed truth."

This view may be untenable and even suicidal when it is formulated and thought out; but

many sensible people, who judge of theological Liberalism mainly by those of its professors whom they have met, are inclined to doubt whether it can justify its existence. The theological Liberal seems very often to be a man who has mistaken his vocation. To the earnest, thoughtful youth, the sacred ministry often presents itself as the highest and best of careers; and he sometimes enters upon it without any definite Christian belief. Then ensues a struggle in his own mind to adapt his convictions and his profession to each other; and some scheme of compromise, some liberalising presentment of Christianity is the result. The most clear-headed and honest of such men, it is often said, find out their mistake before they are ordained. The biographies of eminent men show that a great many who have afterwards had distinguished careers in some quite different line, have wished at one time to take orders. Other Liberals, who have been ordained, find their position untenable, and give up their ministry. It is well known what a distinguished list might be made of men who have done so. But some remain, from various motives; and it is from them, we shall be told, that attempts to broaden the basis of Christian orthodoxy proceed.

Sometimes the Liberal theologian is not, properly speaking, interested in religion at all. He is a student, who has taken Old Testament or

New Testament history as his subject, as another man might take the early history of Rome or the history of Greek philosophy. The connection of his subject with vital religion is, for him, external and rather troublesome. He weighs evidence and pronounces upon the authenticity of a document, with no more thought of the religious implications of his conclusions than if they merely affected legends about the pagan gods. These men have done some of the best work in pure criticism precisely because they have kept religion out of sight. But they have chosen a partial survey of the case; for a religious doctrine is something much more than a historical problem; in fact, as long as we treat it as a mere historical problem, we have not got to its religious meaning at all. The scholar does not become a Christian theologian by editing St. John or writing a history of dogma, any more than an orthodox apologist becomes a scholar by undertaking the same tasks.

The Calendar of Broad Church saints would certainly be a curious list. It would contain more laymen than clerics, and some who have held aloof from organised Christianity altogether. But let us remember the wise and liberal words of Justin Martyr that those who, like Socrates and Heraclitus, lived in accordance with the Divine Reason, were Christians, though they were not accounted to be so. With this tolerant

judgment in our minds, let us consider the Liberal Churchman as we know him.

He is pledged to the doctrine of development, the mould in which all our thoughts tend to run at the present time. He understands and welcomes the teaching of the Fourth Gospel about the educating work of the Holy Spirit. For this very reason he attaches more importance than the Protestant does to the authority of Christian tradition, and is more favourably disposed to the Roman theory of a continually progressing revelation than to the old Anglican doctrine of an infallible undivided Church, whose titles have now gone into abeyance. At the same time, he values personal inspiration as the only possible source of the religious life, and will have none of an authority that claims to rest on external revelation only, especially when interpreted by a hierarchy whose gifts are those of statesmen rather than of prophets or philosophers.

The seat of authority in religion is not the same for him as for the Catholic or for the Protestant. The Church is his authority only if widened so as to include all the best that is said, thought, and written in the world. Personal inspiration is his authority only if it spring from an enlightened intellect, a clear conscience, and deep feeling. In repudiating any statutory external authority, Liberalism is in accordance with the deeper spirit of Protestantism, rather than

with its existing forms. And yet it rests on an authority, which though regarded neither as infallible nor as finally fixed, is much better than the unenlightened "conscience" which is often invoked by the Protestant. His "authority" is the best available judgment of civilised humanity, which is the Liberal's Great Church. Theological Liberalism is thus a kind of consecration of all the best ethics and science and philosophy, regarded as the manifestation or revelation of the will of God to man. Theological Liberalism differs widely from rationalism (which is not a religious attitude at all) in that it strives to do justice to the claims of the heart and will as well as the intellect. Religion is now recognised to be an expression of the whole personality of man. The heart has its reasons as well as the intellect, and the will or moral sense has the right to speak with authority in a matter which chiefly concerns conduct. But whereas Catholicism is, as we have seen, often content with doctrines which have a subjective validity, and give help to each person as he is, and whereas Protestantism is too eager to do and produce something definite, to wait patiently for the emergence of the truth, the Liberal will not consent to play any tricks upon himself, to pretend to know when he does not know, or force a conviction which he does not feel to be justified by the evidence. It is curious how small a value

most people set upon intellectual honesty. We have a horror of falsehood in word, to others, but self-sophistication and deliberate ignorance are hardly recognised as sins at all. We should stare if anyone maintained, as Plato did, that it is a worse kind of lie to speak a falsehood believing it to be true, than to speak a falsehood knowing it to be false. We respect a man for speaking his mind, and having the courage of his opinions, though that mind and those opinions may be an assortment of untenable and contradictory views, which no educated man has any right to hold at all, still less to hold together. In short, what Plato severely called the lie in the soul is much too leniently dealt with, especially perhaps in this country.

The position of the man who tries to be intellectually honest, whose faith is stronger than his doubts, but who has too much respect for his doubts to wish merely to stifle or crush them, has its own special trials. There are internal trials in the constant presence of unsolved problems in the mind, difficulties which sometimes go down so deep, and threaten such dearly cherished hopes, that the words of Job (in the Authorised Version), "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," seem the only act of faith which he can perform. Faith, even when driven to this supreme renunciation, is generally

strong enough to triumph over despair. But there are also external trials, which the theological Liberal must be prepared to meet. Worst of all is the loss of the sympathy of other religious people, the storm of calumny and vituperation, often joined in by persons whom he cannot despise or disregard, to which he is frequently exposed, the perverse misunderstandings of his views and purposes which he has constantly to face. These trials constitute a very severe temptation, to which thousands quietly succumb. The sacrifice of the intellect, as recommended by Roman Catholic directors, is fatally easy. The path is smoothed in every possible way. On the one side are obloquy, ostracism, the loss of the friendship of those whose friendship he values, often the rupture of home ties; and on the other, compliments and smiles, professional advancement, and the approval of friends. "The world's coarse thumb and finger" cannot appreciate the nobility of this kind of sacrifice: public opinion sides with the conservatives, on the ground that if a man joins a society he ought to profess its principles and stand by them. I am afraid that the extreme conservatism of religion, which some have regarded as a kind of law of nature, has this sinister cause among others. The result is a widening gap between the accepted doctrines of Churches and the opinions and beliefs of the educated laity; and the

phenomenon is often witnessed, which should seldom occur, of earnest religious men feeling themselves precluded from the service of the Church because its formularies are too antiquated to be subscribed to with a good conscience.

There is therefore a courage, which deserves more recognition than it receives, in refusing to pay lip-service to popular prejudice. We owe much more to the little band of Liberal Churchmen in Queen Victoria's reign than most of us are willing to admit. We owe this to them, among other things, that it is still possible for an educated man, who believes what other educated men believe, about evolution, for instance, and the antiquity of man, to be clergymen of the Church of England.

Liberal theology as I understand it is based on reverence for and trust in objective *truth*, as an unitary system, partly known and still further knowable. It feels the intense *seriousness* of belief, it will not play with it, as many do, nor *use* it as a source of any pleasurable emotion. Our belief must be worthy of our best selves—worthy of the state of intelligence and civilisation at which we have arrived, and of the conceptions of God which alone we feel to be worthy of Him. If traditional religion is encumbered with survivals of a more rudimentary age; if it involves imputing motives to God which we should

feel to be unworthy of a great and good man—if it seems to impute to God injustice, favouritism, vindictiveness, capriciousness, cruelty, deficiency in wisdom, power, or goodness, then we have adequate reasons for rejecting those beliefs, however venerable may be the tradition which has handed them down to us. For we are far more certain that God is all-wise, all-holy, all-good, all-merciful, than we are of any doctrines which come to us attested by human evidence, or enjoined by human authority.

To a very large extent this moralising influence acting on traditional beliefs sinks in quietly and gently, till objectionable theories, once almost universally believed, drop off, or hang on like dry leaves, no longer part of the beliefs by which we live. There are, however, some outstanding difficulties, which everyone who wishes to serve his generation by conscientious thinking must face; and some of these are probably permanent problems both of faith and reason. If we probe them to the bottom, we find that they rest on fundamental contradictions in our experience, which have never yet been solved, and perhaps never will be. The unthinking public regards the theological Liberal as a man of weak faith and dangerous tendencies, who undermines the foundations of Christianity by throwing doubt on facts of capital importance. He is really a

man who has a conscience about passing bad coin.

I do not think that the theological Liberal, taking him at his best, is deficient either in faith or high principle. The chief danger for this type is, I think, a defective appreciation of *sin* as a positive fact in human life. We have seen that the typical Catholic attaches the greatest importance to the avoidance of sins; while the typical Protestant cannot rest without attacking a moral abuse whenever he finds it. Between the two, the war against sin is carried on, not very wisely, but energetically. But, as we have heard from Sir Oliver Lodge, and I fear it is true, the modern man is not troubling about his sins at all. Several causes have contributed to this result. We no longer think so much of this life as a mere probation for another. The world in which we live has for us a positive value. We long to see a better type of civilisation established; and we honour the man who can make any positive contributions towards this end, any man who does honest and useful work for his generation, much more than the man whose character is free from any serious blot. Robert Browning is a vigorous exponent of this modern view. The unpardonable sin for him is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin. We were sent into the world to use all our faculties to the uttermost, to train them and exercise them even

at the cost of numerous mistakes. Our sins may even help us, by teaching us valuable lessons. There are other causes that might be mentioned —doctrines of determinism and the science of heredity: the decline of teaching about man's utter depravity; the decline of vindictive ideas of punishment. On the Continent, though not much in England, we must add the glorification of brutal egoism by Nietzsche, whose ideal of the superman (who ought to be called the super-brute) appeals in many ways to the Prussian character and its admirers elsewhere.

But whatever the causes, I should regard this defective sense of sin as the chief flaw in a type which we are considering to-day. It shows itself in many ways. The doctrine of the Atonement seems to have little meaning for the Liberal theologian. In practical ethics he interests himself chiefly in combating vices which destroy efficiency or cause suffering. He hates cruelty with a holy fervour, and extends his moral indignation to cruelty to animals, which in Roman Catholic ethics is hardly a sin at all. Roman Catholic books enjoin us to abstain from it solely on account of its brutalising effect on our own sensibilities, and not at all for the sake of the animal, who having no soul has no rights. The Liberal Christian finds it much easier to work with secular reformers than do men of

the other types. Their aims and methods are much the same. He desires above all things to see a City of God here on earth—a clean, honest, intelligent, unwasteful civilisation, in which everyone shall, as far as possible, be healthy and happy. It may be doubted whether the typical Catholic even desires such a consummation; it would limit the opportunities for "charity." But the Liberal Christian is apt to take the moral struggle too easily, and drops too readily into the secular standard. The necessity of incessant watchfulness and care and self-denial, of continual prayer, and above all of penitence, when we have offended, drops too much out of his purview. In saying this I do not question that there may be a somewhat exaggerated emphasis in the traditional Christian teaching about sin. If we face the question without prejudice, and consider the lives of any typical modern saints about whom we know a great deal, we do not find many traces of the tragic conflict which St. Paul describes. An earnest struggle there is, no doubt, but not a tearing in two of the whole personality. I am inclined to think that the accident that St. Paul, St. Augustine, and Luther, who have had such an enormous influence on the religious life of Christians, all three went through a stormy crisis, has had the effect of causing it to be regarded as more normal than it is. We are not most of us called to

pass through such a tremendous experience as conversion from Judaism or Paganism to Christianity, or severance from the Church of Rome. And monkish morality, as we have seen, exaggerated and distorted the healthy consciousness of sin to a preposterous extent. There is therefore even here something to be said for the Liberal Christian, though this is the side in which he is most likely to go wrong.

I mentioned in my first lecture the Cambridge Platonists and F. D. Maurice as good examples of Broad Church piety. The Cambridge Platonists live chiefly in their writings: but Bishop Burnet has a very interesting "appreciation" of Benjamin Whichcote, Provost of King's, whose Sermons and "Aphorisms," now almost forgotten, were deservedly popular in the eighteenth century. Burnet describes the luxury and worldliness of the Restoration clergy, and their "negligence in all the true concerns of the Church." "Some few exceptions" (he says) "are to be made; but so few, that if a new set of men had not appeared, of another stamp, the Church had quite lost her hold upon the nation. These were generally of Cambridge, formed under some divines, the chief of whom were Whichcote, Cudworth, Wilkins, More, and Worthington. Whichcote was a man of rare temper, very mild and obliging. He had great credit, and made all the use of it he could to

protect good men of all persuasions. He was much for liberty of conscience; and being disgusted with the dry systematical way of those times, he studied to raise those who conversed with him to a nobler set of thoughts, and to consider religion as the seed of a deiform nature, to use one of his own phrases. In order to this he set young students much on reading the ancient philosophers, chiefly Plato, Tully, and Plotin, and on considering the Christian religion as a doctrine sent from God, to elevate and sweeten human character, in which he was a great example, as well as a wise and kind instructor." His studies, and his experience of life, led him gradually away from the theology in which he had been trained by his old master, Dr. Tuckney. The latter remonstrated with him; but Whichcote replied, "I cannot return to that frame of mind you seem to advise me to. Having fully and freely delivered myself up to God to be taught and led into truth, my mind is so framed and fashioned by Him that I can no more go back than St. Paul, after Christ discovered to him, could return into his former strain." He had a robust and buoyant faith that religion is, in the highest sense, natural and *rational.* "To me," he says, "it seems one of the greatest prodigies in the world that men that are rational and intelligent should admit *that* for religion which would for its shallowness,

emptiness, and insufficiency fall under the just reproof and conviction and condemnation of reason: religion which makes us less men; religion unintelligible or not able to give satisfaction to the noble principle of God's creation. That is not a religious act which is not human." A few of the "aphorisms" selected from his sermons will show the spirit of his teaching:

Religion itself is always the same; but things about religion are not always the same. These have not in them the power or virtue of religion, they are not of a sanctifying nature; they do not purify our minds, as the things of a moral nature do; so that religion may stand without them.

Whoever scornfully uses any other man, disparages himself the human nature.

I will not make a religion for God, nor suffer any to make a religion for me.

Sins of the mind have less infamy than those of the body, but not less malignity.

Nothing in religion is a burthen; but a remedy, or a pleasure.

When the doctrine of the Gospel becomes the reason of our mind, it will become the principle of our life.

It had been better for the Christian Church if that which calls itself Catholic had been

less employed in creating pretended faith, and more employed in maintaining universal charity.

The sense of repentance is better assurance of pardon than the testimony of an angel.

The mind of a good man is the best part of him, and the mind of a bad man is the worst part of him.

We must now naturalise ourselves to the employment of eternity.

Heaven is first a temper, and then a place.

In case of offence, the just man overlooks what is involuntary, and forgets what is voluntary.

Things themselves speak to us; and this is the voice of God.

He is a wise man who is not his own fool.

The longest sword, the strongest lungs, the most voices, are false measures of life.

Where there is only a show of religion, there is only an imagination of happiness.

A repining life is a lingering death.

Sin is an attempt to control the unalterable laws of righteousness, goodness, and truth, upon which the universe depends.

Righteousness is not overcome when it is overborne.

If I have not a friend, God send me an enemy.

In acknowledgment of what Christ hath done and suffered, take up this resolution, that it shall be better for every one, with whom thou hast to do, because Christ hath died for thee and for him.

That faith which is not a principle of life is a nullity in religion.

God takes a large compass to bring about His great works.

True religion hath done only good in the world; but superstition, which is the counterfeit of religion, hath done the worst and the greatest mischiefs.

Some are the worse for their religion; but such religion is certainly bad.

None so empty as those who are full of themselves.

Every man, taken at his best, will be found good for something.

Our bad manners are our bad times. We condemn the effect, which is suffering, and absolve the cause, which is the sinner.

It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.

Such is the sane, manly, cheerful teaching of this excellent man, who lived in the spirit of his creed. At the heart of his faith is the strong conviction that our reason is no will-o'-the-wisp to lead us astray, but "the candle of the Lord,

lighted by God and lighting us to God." Therefore, "it ill becomes us to make our intellectual faculties Gibeonites"—mere drudges to carry out our irrational desires and gratify our irrational emotions.

Whichcote was the most modest and reasonable of controversialists. Tillotson says of him, "Though Whichcote had a most profound and well-poised judgment, yet was he of all men I ever knew the most patient to hear others differ from him, and the most easy to be convinced when good reason was offered." "If I provoke a man," he used to say, "he is the worse for my company; and if I suffer myself to be provoked by him, I shall be the worse for his." At the Restoration he was deprived of his provostship; and soon after we find him at Milton, where "he preached continually and relieved the poor, and had their children taught to read at his own charge, and made up differences among the neighbours." "He died" (says Tillotson) "like a primitive Christian, in the house of Dr. Cudworth, master of Christ's."

What I want to emphasize about Whichcote, as a very good type of the Broad Church saint, is that his faith and hope and love illuminated and consecrated his intellectual powers, so that thinking was for him a religious act, the reverent acceptance of illumination. "No sooner does the truth of God come into the soul's sight, but

the soul knows her to be her first and old acquaintance. Though they have been by some accident unhappily parted awhile, yet, having now by the Divine Providence happily met, they greet one another and review their acquaintance as those that were first and ancient friends. Nothing is more natural to man's soul than to receive truth." "It doth not become a Christian to be credulous; he that is light of belief will be as light of unbelief." "I have always found such preaching of others hath most commanded my heart which hath most illuminated my head."

Another real saint in the same group was John Smith, whose early death caused the profoundest grief at Cambridge. He lives for us in a few sermons of extraordinary beauty and power —the high-water mark, I think, which academic preaching has ever reached in this country. We have also the funeral sermon which Dr. Patrick, afterwards Bishop of Ely, preached about him. It is not only a fine example of seventeenth-century prose, but is one of the most beautiful descriptions of a saintly character that I know. You will, I think, be willing to hear what Patrick says about his friend, in extracts from this funeral sermon. The diction, like Smith's own, is perhaps overloaded with classical quotations and allusions — this was the academic custom of the day; but the picture of a learned

scholar who was also a saint, and the source of the best and purest influence to his pupils, is not out of date, and I know no better example of the type of Christian piety which is our subject to-day:

"I may say of him as Nazianzen says of his sister: His country was heaven, his town or city was Jerusalem which is above, his fellow-citizens were the saints, his nobility was the retaining of the divine impressions and stamps upon his soul, and being like to God the archetype and first pattern of all goodness.[1] And indeed, the preserving of the heavenly symbols that are in our souls, and especially the purging and scouring of them from the corruption of nature, he often spake of; and his endeavour was that the Divine image might be fairly reflected in him, and that it might shine brightly in the face of others.

"He had such a huge, wide capacity of soul, such a sharp and piercing understanding, such a deep-reaching mind, that he set himself about nothing but he soon grasped it, and made himself a full possessor of it. And if we consider his great industry and indefatigable pains, his Herculean labours day and night from his first coming to the University, till the time of his long sickness, joined with his large parts and

[1] The quotation is from Gregory Nazianzen, Oration 8, § 6.

his frequent meditation, contemplation, and abstraction of his mind from sensible things, it must needs be concluded that he was a comprehensor of more than I can say or think of; and if I could, it would be too tedious to give you an account of all.

"In a word, he was, as Eunapius speaks of Longinus, 'a living library,' better than that which he hath given to our college, and 'a walking study,' that carried his learning about with him. I never got so much good among all my books by a whole day's plodding in a study, as by an hour's discourse I have got with him. For he was not a library locked up, nor a book clasped, but he stood open for any to converse withal that had a mind to learn. Yea, he was a fountain running over, labouring to do good to those who perhaps had no mind to receive it. None more free and communicative than he was to such as desired to discourse with him; nor would he grudge to be taken off from his studies upon such an occasion. It may truly be said of him that a man might always come better from him; and his mouth could drop sentences[1] as easily as an ordinary man's could speak sense.

"I have done with his learning when I have told you that as he looked upon honours, riches, and the eagerly-pursued things of this world as

[1] "Sentences" = *sententiae*, wise and pithy sayings.

vanities, so did he look upon this also as a piece, though a more excellent piece, of vanity, as he was wont to phrase it, if compared with the higher and more divine accomplishments of the soul. For he did not care to value himself by any of those things which were of a perishing nature, which should fail and cease and vanish away; but only by those things which were more solid and substantial, of a divine and immortal nature, which he might carry out of the world with him.

"He was of very singular wisdom and great prudence, of admirable skill and readiness in the managing of affairs. His learning was so concocted, that it lay not as an idle notion in his head, but made him fit for any employment. He was very full and clear in all his resolutions at any debates, a most wise counsellor in any difficulties and straits, dexterous in untying any knot, of great judgment in satisfying any scruple or doubt, even in matters of religion.

"And add to this his known integrity, uprightness and faithfulness; his strong and lively, his waking and truly tender conscience, which, joined with the former things I spoke of, made him more than a man, *οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι*—'as men now go.' He was, as one of the ancients speaks, 'an example of true Christian philosophy and virtue,' and as it were the spiritual rule,

line, and square thereof; of so poised and even a life that by his wisdom and conscience one might live almost at a venture, and not miscarry.

"I may say of him in the phrase of Antoninus, that 'he was dipped into justice as it were over head and ears.' It was a virtue indeed that he had a great affection unto, and which he was very zealous to maintain; in whose quarrel he was in danger to be angry, and sometimes to break forth into a short passion.

"But he was always very urgent upon us, that by the grace of God, and the help of the mighty Spirit of Jesus Christ working in us, we would endeavour to purge out the corruption of our natures, and to crucify the flesh with all the affections and lusts thereof; yea, to subdue as much as possible even the ἀπροαίρετα in our souls—those first motions that are without our consent, and to labour after purity of heart, that so we might see God.

"What shall I say of his *love?* None that knew him well but might see in him πηγάζουσαν ἀγάπην (as Nazianzen, I think, speaks)—love bubbling and springing up in his soul, and flowing out to all; and that love unfeigned, without guile, hypocrisy, or dissimulation. I cannot tell you how his soul was universalised, how tenderly he embraced all God's creatures in his arms, more especially men, and principally those in

whom he beheld the image of his heavenly Father. There one might have seen running τὸ συγγενὲς πρὸς τὸ συγγενές, and he would ever have emptied his soul into theirs.

"His *patience* was no less admirable than his love, under a lingering and tedious disease, wherein he never murmured nor complained, but rested quietly satisfied in the infinite unbounded goodness and tenderness of his Father, and the commiserations of Jesus Christ, our merciful High Priest, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. And he told me in his sickness, that he hoped he had learned that for which God sent it, and that he thought God kept him so long in such a case, that patience might have its perfect work in him. And really in his sickness he showed what Christianity and true religion is able to do; what might, power, and virtue there is to bear up a soul under the greatest loads; and that he could, through Christ strengthening him, do all that which he so admirably discoursed of in his life.

"But for his *humility*—it was that which was most apparent and conspicuous. From his first admission to the university he sought not great things for himself, but was contented in the condition wherein he was. He staid God's time of advancement, with all industry and pains following his studies; as if he rather de-

sired to deserve honour than to be honoured. I challenge anyone that is impartial to say if, since he came hither, they ever beheld in him any pride, vain glory, boasting, self-conceit, desire of honour and being famous in the world. On the contrary, it was easy to take notice of most profound humility and lowliness of mind, which made him a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

"Shall I add ἐπὶ πᾶσι, as the apostle speaks—above or unto all these, his *faith?* I say, his true, lively and working faith, his simple, plain-hearted, naked faith in Christ? Be sure it was that which was firmly set and fixed in the mercy and goodness of God through Christ; that also which brought down Christ into his soul; which drew down heaven into his heart; which sucked in life and strength continually from our Saviour; which made him hearty, serious and constant in all Christian virtues.

"From this spirit there did result a great serenity, quiet and tranquillity in his soul, which dwelt so much above that it was not shaken with any of those tempests and storms which used to unsettle more low and abject minds. He lived in a continued sweet enjoyment of God, and so was not disquieted with scruples or doubts of his salvation. There was always discernible in him a cheerful sense of God's goodness, which ceased not in the time of sickness.

"He both looked and spoke like a man that had drunk into his soul such solid, high and generous principles as few men are acquainted with, which made him very zealous not only for righteousness, integrity and holiness, but for decorum in all things. He had a great regard for all those things which are mentioned by the apostle; for whatsoever things are true, honest (or rather, comely and grave, seemly and venerable, as σεμνὰ doth signify) for all that was just, pure, lovely and of good report; if there was any praise or any virtue, he was most earnest and forward in its behalf."[1]

I have made a long extract from the encomium of this Broad Church saint—one of the group for whom the ugly word "latitudinarian" was coined. Cambridge has produced other saintly scholars, within our own memory. There are several traits in the character of Smith which recall memories of Bishop Westcott. Oxford is, I hope, in no danger of forgetting Dr. Charles Bigg. In the early Church we naturally think of the great Alexandrians, and especially of Clement, of whom Maurice, a kindred spirit, said, "I do not know where we shall look for a purer and a truer man than this Clement of Alexandria. Judging from the words which he

[1] Smith's Select Discourses, and this funeral sermon, were republished by the Cambridge University Press in 1859, edited by H G. Williams.

has spoken, he seems to me *that* one of the old Fathers whom we should all have reverenced most as a teacher and loved most as a friend." And Westcott says, "The Stromateis is an endeavour to claim for the Gospel the power of fulfilling all the desires of men, and of raising to a supreme unity all the objects of knowledge, in the soul of the true gnostic. Towards this great unity of all science and all life, Clement himself strove. He affirmed once for all upon the threshold of the new age, that Christianity is the heir of all past time, and the interpreter of the future." And Hort says, "What he humbly and bravely attempted under great disadvantages will have to be attempted afresh, with the added experience of more than seventeen centuries, if the Christian faith is still to hold its own among men; and when this attempt is made, not a few of his thoughts and words will probably shine out with new force, full of light for dealing with new problems."

We cannot wish to see this type of Christianity expelled from the Church. It is absolutely essential, if the Church is to take its proper place in the twentieth century, that some of our saints should be thinkers, and some of our thinkers saints. It is for the Liberal Churchman to show in his own life that there is no necessary connection between intellectual candour or courage and religious lukewarmness or want of spiritu-

ality. Is it too much to hope that liberal theology may have its own distinctive type of saint, who may discharge in the twentieth century much the same high and noble function that moral philosophy discharged in the later age of antiquity? I picture to myself a highly cultivated man, austerely simple in his manner of life, but no ascetic; a man who, *because* his own citizenship is in heaven, and his deepest life hid with Christ in God, longs with a prophet's yearning to reform human society according to the pattern showed him in the Mount; who believes that the Church of England has no interests except the highest welfare of the people of England; who knows that the river of truth receives affluents from every side, and will therefore learn readily from all who are able to teach him; who brings out of his treasury things new and old, old things made new, and new things that were true before the world was; the pioneer of that nobler civilisation, that purer Christianity, which we dream of as destined one day to renew the youth of the nations of the West. Our own part in this work will depend on the manner in which we take heed to ourselves and to our teaching, and first and foremost, to *ourselves*.

There is after all something in Christian

saintliness which eludes analysis. For saintliness is the partial expression, the reflection in the external life, of the hidden man of the heart, who is not fully known even by the saint himself; and it is always imperfect, because it is always going on to perfection. I will not have my portrait painted, said a holy man; for which man do you want to paint? One of them is not worth painting, and the other is not finished yet.

THE END

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